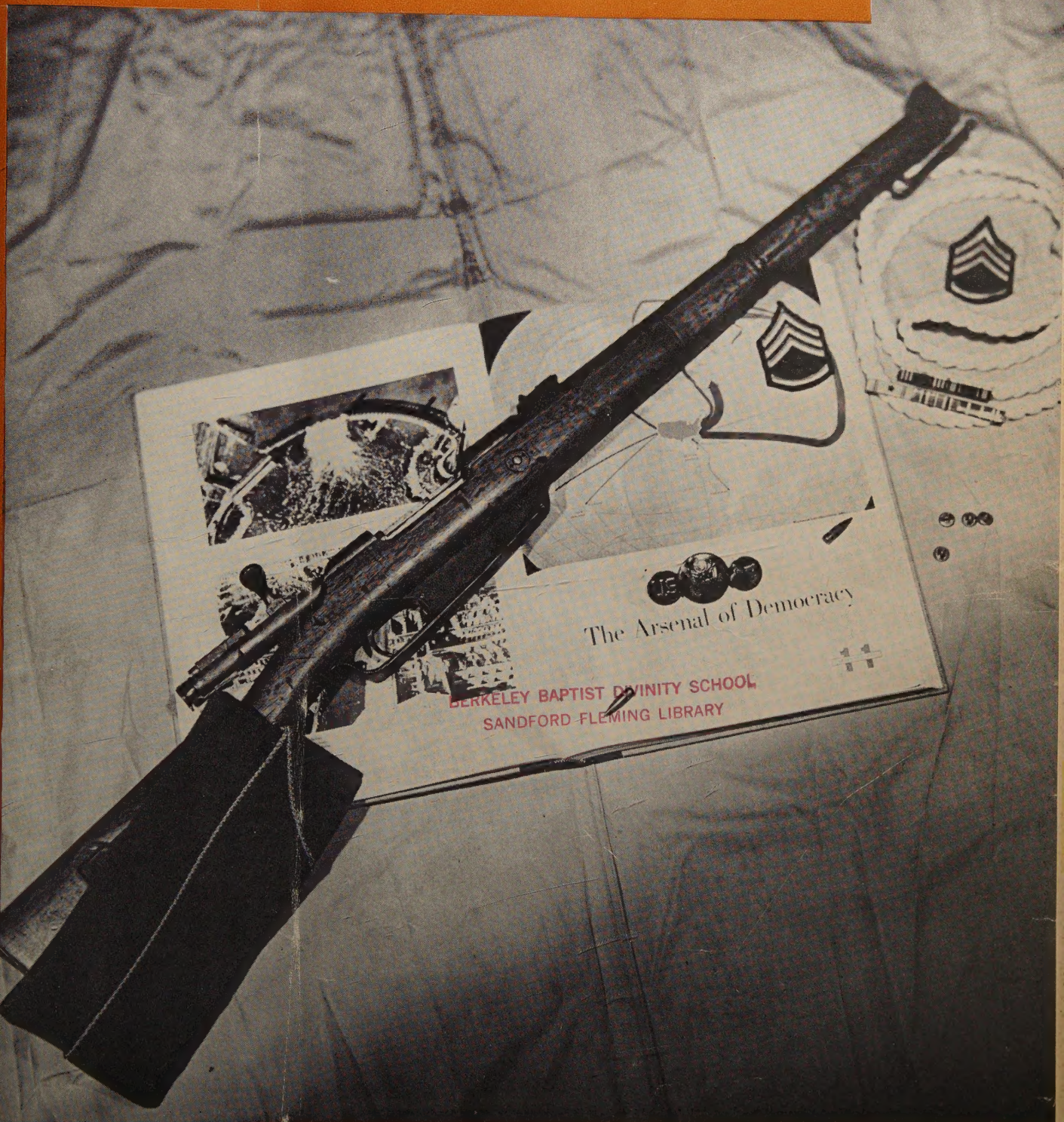


The *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**



- **Whom God Hath Joined Together—*Roger W. Cummings***
- **Could Your Son Preach?—*Mary Blair Immel***



# The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

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### A Privilege, Not a Right

I wonder how many of us know the difference between a *privilege* and a *right*. There is a difference. A right is something that is our inalienable due, something that cannot be taken away: We have a right to pray to God; a right to sit on our back porch on a warm, summer evening; a right to get married and have children. A privilege, on the other hand, is an advantage granted only for certain reasons and under certain conditions.

Democracy and freedom are privileges, for they were obtained only through the blood, sweat, tears, and loss of lives of those who thought that these things were worth fighting and dying for. As you go to the polls to vote this month, remember that voting is a *privilege*, not a *right*; for there are many people throughout the world who, because of the setup of their governments, cannot vote. Remember, too, that when you openly express your opinion about the government of the United States, whether your comments are derogatory or complimentary, you are exercising a privilege; for in some countries it is a criminal offense to promulgate your political views.

When you count your blessings this Thanksgiving day, don't forget to include your greatest privilege—that of living in a free, democratic land.

**What's Here?**—Life seemed to have gone awry for Bob Larsen when he became a victim of polio. Then one dismal, rainy day Harriet came into his hospital room, and her cheerfulness and vitality rekindled hope in him. "Whom God Hath Joined Together," by Roger W. Cummings, is a tender story of two young people who had a very unusual romance.

Those who think that all politicians are "crooked" should read "A Challenge for Chris," by Nancy Brewer. It is the story of a young man who wants to become a city official so that he can improve his city for the children and young people.

Don't miss our very useful Study Article and Guide (When Are We Grown Up?), the children's article (With Thankful Hearts), and the youth article (Could Your Son Preach?).

**What's Coming?**—An issue jam-packed with Christmas treats.

So long,

S. W.



# THE WORLD

## ● Report on Relief Work Abroad

Stuttgart, Germany—Hilfswerk, welfare agency of the Evangelical Church in Germany, has received from abroad and distributed more than 256 million pounds of relief supplies and over \$12 million in cash since its formation in 1945, according to its annual report here.

The report expressed satisfaction that the agency had been able to send considerable relief supplies of clothing, medicines, and food into the Soviet zone in Germany.

In addition to distributing relief to the needy, the report states, Hilfswerk has been responsible during the past ten years for equipping 87 welfare homes entirely and supporting hundreds of others, building 72 churches, 198 emergency chapels and welfare centers, 49 training centers for disabled war veterans, helping 12,000 needy university students through scholarships and allowances, and producing 11 million Bibles and hymnbooks, and eight million copies of other religious literature.

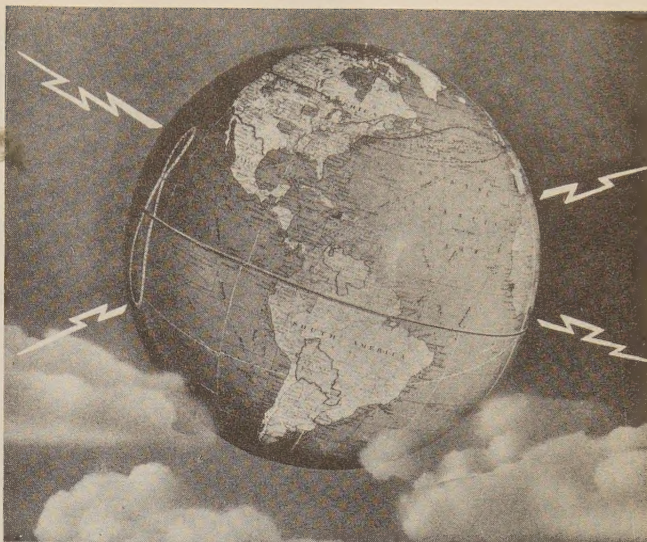
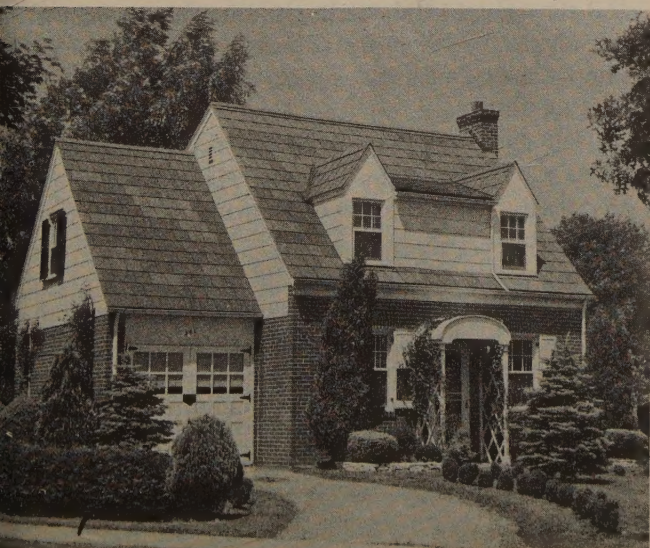
## ● Conference Stresses Individual Dignity

Geneva, Switz.—United States Assistant Secretary of Labor J. Ernest Wilkins, a Negro Methodist layman, told the International Labor Organization at its 39th annual conference that it must always insist on "the supreme dignity of the individual."

"I submit to this organization," Mr. Wilkins said, "that no change can be tolerated in the devotion with which we cling to the principles of the supreme dignity of the individual person, and of the proper respect of each man for his neighbor."

"This organization must always devote itself to the principle that sovereignty rests exclusively in the individual. This is the idea that released the talent and energy that has produced such great moral, spiritual, and, yes, material benefits for the people of my country. This is the idea that can be put to work by all nations. This is the idea that can build a more prosperous world."

*H. Armstrong Roberts*



*H. Armstrong Roberts*

Gaston Tessier of France, president of the International Federation of Christian Trade Unions, pledged continuing co-operation with the ILO in its efforts to improve living and working conditions throughout the world "in fidelity to the principles of liberty and peace."

## ● Asks for Religious Freedom in Russia

Kiamesha Lake, N. Y.—The president of the American Jewish Congress called on the Soviet Union to grant "genuine" religious freedom to its people. He said that permitting people to go to houses of worship does not constitute religious freedom.

"As long as Communist regimes are officially anti-religious and government schools continue anti-religious propaganda, while schools for religious instruction are prohibited, the Communist regimes cannot be given credit for religious tolerance," he declared.

"If the present Communist regime wants the esteem of the world, it is not enough to castigate a dead Stalin while retaining the essence of Stalinism. One of the changes which would truly indicate that a new day had come to Russia would be a genuine religious freedom in which the policy of the government would be one of strict neutrality between religionists and non-religionists."

## ● Warn Against Mixed Marriages

Moorhead, Minn.—The annual synod of the Augustana Lutheran Church warned here against mixed marriages between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Such unions "often result in marital unhappiness and disruption of normal home life for the children affected." They also "create situations having far-reaching psychological, social, economic, and spiritual consequences, and very often involve the danger of the denial of faith."

Parents and pastors were urged to impress upon young people "the potential hazards of these interfaith marriages."

# AT YOUR FRONT DOOR



# whom God hath joined

**"A telephone call, a card, a friend, and a severe case of polio  
don't add up unless God puts them together."**

**A** TELEPHONE call, a card, a friend, and a severe case of polio don't add up unless God puts them together. To a young Baptist minister and his bride they added up to a marriage. It began in Boston a few years ago.

On an evening in early October, 1951, Harriet Harlow was chatting with her landlady, Mrs. Arthur Fultz, in her Brookline home. A call from the president of the Brookline Kiwanis Club interrupted their conversation. He said that Robert Larsen, a young ministerial student, lay stricken with polio in the Brookline Haynes Memorial Hospital. Wouldn't

Harriet and Bob met while Bob was in a Brookline, Massachusetts, hospital suffering from polio. They believe that the spiritual aspect of love is more important than the physical aspect.



Rev. Fultz like to visit him? Mrs. Fultz hung up the phone and thought a minute. She looked at Harriet Harlow, the vivacious, dark, self-confident young woman who boarded with her.

"Harriet, there's a young man from Nebraska in the hospital with polio. Why don't you go over to see him?"

"Mrs. Fultz, that's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard of!" Harriet responded. "What would he think? I don't even know the boy. He'd think I was out of my mind!"

"Well, that doesn't sound like you," Mrs. Fultz retorted. "You're from Kansas City, and the least you could do is to send him a card."

Curious to know what this young man would think about hearing from a strange young woman, Harriet finally wrote the card a week later. It expressed her sympathy for his unfortunate situation.

The card might have been just another in the pile by Bob's bedside, but then Ellen Naas entered the picture. Her boss, through business connections in Bob's home town of Fremont, Nebraska, learned about Bob's condition and asked her to visit him. Not wanting to go alone, Ellen asked Harriet to go along.

"Ellen, this is the same boy I sent a card to!" Harriet exclaimed, when she heard the name. Harriet explained what she had done earlier in the month and they laughed about it, thinking it was just about the biggest joke they had ever heard of. Finally they calmed down and began to talk seriously about visiting Bob.

"I'll go if you'll go," Ellen said.

"O.K., I'll go if you'll go!" Harriet emphatically answered. They chose the following Sunday, October 28, for their visit.

Meanwhile, on his back in a confining hospital room, Bob stared at the dismal drizzle through his window. Each drop dashing against the pavement seemed to symbolize what had happened to his hopes. He had looked forward since childhood to being a missionary. Now he was paralyzed below the waist with a weak left arm and a throat that wouldn't swallow food. How could he be of help to others? Why had it had to happen at the beginning of his



# Together

Story and Photos

by Roger W. Cummings

second year of seminary training? What kind of a future could he expect now?

Then Harriet walked into his room. Her dynamic smile broke through the rain and painted an encouraging picture in Bob's mind. As they talked about the Midwest and why they were both so far away from home, Bob was greatly impressed that such a busy, charming, and talented girl would come to visit a stranger in a hospital.

Harriet's first and lasting impression of Bob was the unusual quality and mellowness of his voice. For months afterward, when she had nothing but letters to remind her of Bob, she could shut her eyes and hear his greeting that first Sunday afternoon.

The three talked for a half hour. Bob learned that Harriet taught remedial reading at Dana Hall School in Wellesley and was studying singing with Roland Hayes. They became good friends, and Bob asked her to come back.

A day or two later Harriet received a note from Bob thanking her for the visit. He wanted to see her socially as soon as he got his legs back. Harriet casually linked their names, Harriet and Bob. He was a pleasant person.

Harriet and Ellen visited Bob twice more. On the second visit Bob announced that he had been admitted to the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, for he was making little improvement in Boston. He asked them to come again before he left.

On the way home Ellen persuaded Harriet to go to the hospital next Saturday by herself. Not yet romantically interested in Bob, Harriet was hesitant. But Ellen insisted that Bob would like to see her alone.

She was going to stay for only twenty minutes, she told herself, as she bought flowers for the visit. When she arrived, she found Bob sitting up in a wheel chair, shaving. She arranged the flowers in water, and they talked. Bob wondered about this girl. Could she be the answer to his prayers? He had prayed for years that the Lord would supply him with a helpmate to walk by his side in the Christian ministry. He knew that Harriet had recently

stood in a Taylor Brothers meeting to commit her life to Christian service. Would she stand by his side as well? When she said good-by an hour and forty minutes later, he asked her to write.

"I will, if you write first," she said, and with this promise they parted, not to see each other for 13 months.

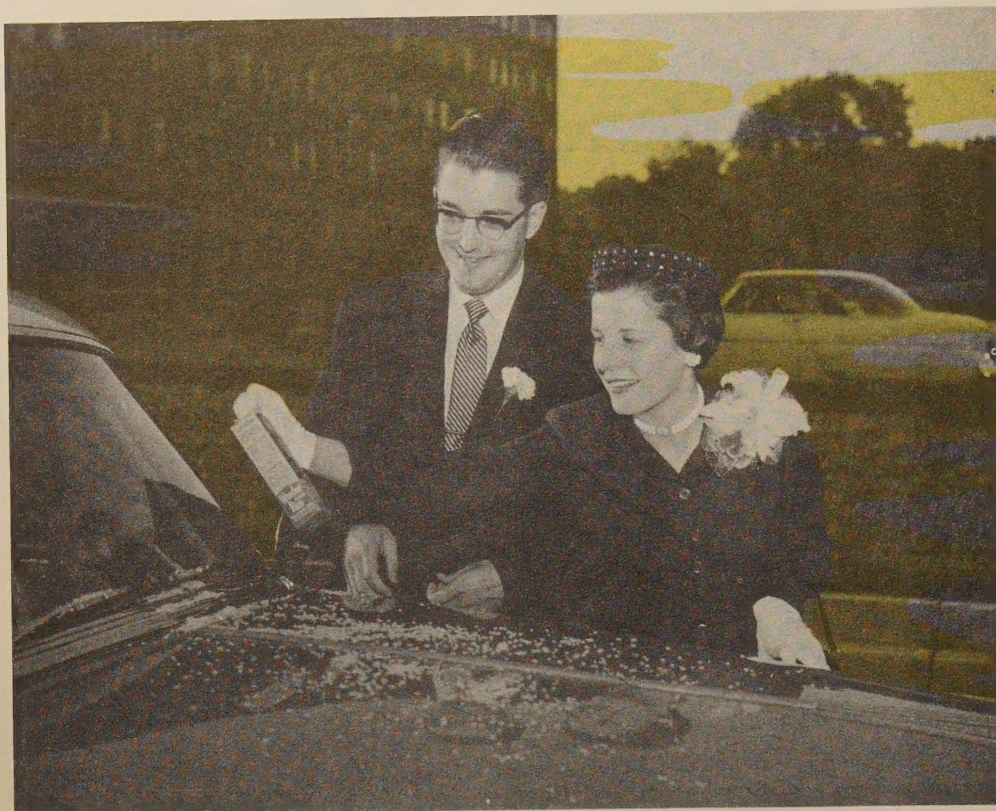
Bob did write, as soon as he arrived in Warm Springs. Harriet's answering letter was one of 115 that were exchanged during the next 13 months. When Harriet received her second letter from Bob, she knew he was the man she would marry. She had discovered a deep respect for this young man, for what he represented, and for the marvelous things that he was accomplishing in the Lord's name even though working from a sick bed. He was the kind of man she could love, a man of character and spiritual insight who loved Christ and had dedicated his life to him. She never doubted that he would recover.

Bob did get well. He responded to the pleasant surroundings, excellent treatment, and congenial people at Warm Springs. At first he couldn't move his legs, even in water, but gradually, through hydrotherapy, the use of his trunk muscles began to return. Finally, the day came when, with a brace on his left leg and with the help of crutches, he stood up for the first time in six months.

But even before he could stand, Bob had been helping others. First he attended services on a stretcher in the chapel. When he could sit up long enough, he taught a Tuesday evening Bible class. As his strength grew, he preached on Sunday mornings and led a Sunday evening fellowship. He wrote the page, "Chapel Echoes," in the bi-monthly patient publication, *The Wheel Chair Review*. He mailed copies to Harriet, who found in them and in his letters added admiration for his strong faith and buoyant, indomitable spirit. No one else proved so interesting to her as this young man in a hospital 1,000 miles away.

In May Bob went even farther away, home to Fremont, Nebraska. He could walk on crutches now, and





Harriet and Bob's marriage culminated a three-year romance, during which time they had been together for a total of 14 days.

his recuperation continued through the summer. In September Bob resumed his seminary training in Fremont.

Harriet, meanwhile, began her second year of teaching at Dana Hall. In December she went home to Kansas City. There Bob sent her a round-trip plane ticket to visit him in Fremont.

The mental picture each had painted of the other was now to be subjected to the test of reality. They had fallen in love with each other spiritually. Would this physical meeting diffuse the picture, or focus it? It was with trembling legs that Harriet stepped off the plane at noon, December 31, 1952, in Omaha.

Bob's legs trembled too, but he walked out to the plane and kissed her. They walked together to greet his parents.

Harriet stayed five days. She sang at Bob's licensing service at the Fremont First Baptist Church on January 4. Then they said good-by until the summer.

Harriet returned to Kansas City for the summer and got an office job there. Their visits back and forth came to a climax the night of August 30. They were walking in Loose Park in Kansas City. The moonlight mingled with the scent of roses from the garden, and they stopped to hear the tinkling fountain in its center. Harriet heard Bob's mellow voice asking her to be his wife. She had been with Bob only 14 days when he proposed. Their romance had

been all letter writing with just enough visits to salt and pepper it. But she knew he was the one, and she said yes.

Three days later they separated for another school year. Harriet returned for her third year at Dana Hall. Bob went to Berkeley Baptist Divinity School in Berkeley, California, to work on his master's degree. During the nine months they wrote about wedding plans and picked out their silver pattern.

In June, 1954, Harriet left Boston for good and flew home to Kansas City. Bob came home from Berkeley, and they spent the summer visiting and planning their wedding. Harriet sang at Bob's ordination service in Fremont in July. They were joined together before God August 8, 1954, in Kansas City.

It is their belief that God brought them together in a very special way. They felt his presence arranging the little things that made up their romance: the telephone call, the card, Ellen, and Bob's illness. They believe that the spiritual side of love is more important than the physical side and that their courtship, which had so little of the physical element, proves this. Through trust in God, their search for a spiritual ideal found fulfillment in each other.

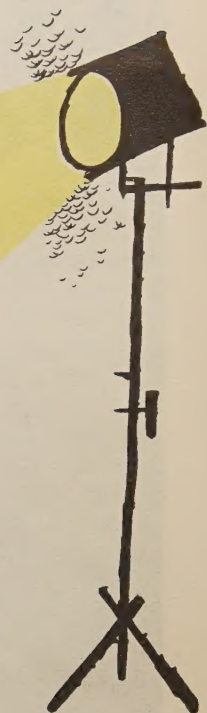
They will tell you so today in their California bungalow in Redlands where Bob is the Director of Christian Education at the First Baptist Church. But you don't need to ask them. You can feel it in their presence and see it in their lives.



**You still have time before the Christmas season begins to make your own original Christmas cards.**

# Make Some **photo** Cards This Year

by Maymie R. Krythe



Each holiday season, when we receive Christmas cards, we are thrilled by their variety and artistry. Every year they become more attractive; and the greeting card companies are vying with each other for the services of the best artists in this country and abroad. They give large money prizes, in some cases, to the painters who produce the choicest designs.

In spite of this, however, the cards that many of us often keep and treasure the longest are those Christmas messages that reveal the ingenuity and originality of the senders. Such greetings also reveal much about our friends and relatives at a distance that we otherwise wouldn't know: what their new homes look like; how the youngsters are growing; or perhaps it's a scene showing the daughter and her bridegroom cutting their wedding cake.

These personalized cards do bring us much closer to our friends at Christmas, and furnish mementoes for later years. So why don't you, too, plan to make some of your greetings this year? Maybe you can hunt up that old camera you haven't used lately, and try your luck at taking some shots that will please your relatives and friends.

When children are small, you can take many interesting off-guard shots. Snap the baby, asleep with his head on the tray of his high chair, or the youngsters in their nighties, as they are getting ready for bed—supposedly on Christmas Eve. Take a picture of them hanging up their stockings. One child may be peeping up the chimney, trying to catch a glimpse of Santa Claus, while another holds a camera, ready

to snap Good Saint Nick, when he comes down with his bag of presents.

An attractive scene can be made with boys and girls holding lighted candles against a dark background. Outdoor scenes may include youngsters dressed as carolers, singing at someone's windows; or perhaps they're making snowballs or a snowman, while one boy is dragging home the Christmas tree.

Family group pictures always receive a warm welcome; they may include the family gathered at a creche or worship center with a picture of the Nativity scene. On one clever card I saw the family pictured on their TV screen. Another interesting photo greeting had a picture of their housedown, with a flap that opened to show various members of the family standing in the entrance.

It is really amazing what beautiful effects you can get with still life groups, such as lighted candles in a mass of Christmas greenery, or a manger scene with tiny figures, and good lighting effects. Ornamented windows, a gate, or the front door, with its decorations of holly, fir boughs, bells, candy canes, or wreaths—all these make excellent subjects for amateurs who want something different for their Yuletide messages.

If you live where there is plenty of snow, your cards can picture snow-covered trees, an old bridge, etc., which make unforgettable scenes. Since there are so many possibilities, everyone can plan something individual, take his own pictures, and thrill his friends with cards that are really personal.





# With Thankful Hearts

by Doris Cl

**Saying grace at the table before eating should be a natural part of family life. It has no meaning, however, if it is mumbled rapidly and incoherently.**





photo by erb

"Please, may I say the prayer today, Mother," begged the four-year-old as the family sat down to the table. As the mother smiled her assent, the child bowed her head and said, "Thank you, God, for the Jello and the applesauce."

It was a real prayer of thankfulness that came from the lips of the child and spoke well for the training and prayer experiences of that home.

How often do you say grace at your table? Is it the accepted practice? Or is it the unusual thing—something practiced only when the minister is a guest in your home? Is it a meaningful experience or is it simply a ritual—a saying of words?

In a vacation church school the teacher took for granted that because her children all came from church homes, grace at meals was an accustomed practice, and also that the word "grace" was familiar to the children. On the first morning as they gathered about the table for their mid-morning lunch of crackers and milk, the teacher said, "Would one of you like to say grace today?"

A little hand went up and the teacher smilingly said, "All right, Mary, you may say grace today. Let's all bow our heads while Mary says grace."

The children bowed their heads dutifully, and in the silence the teacher and the children waited. At last it came in a timidly soft voice, "Grace."

Needless to say, the teacher was surprised. As the children lifted their heads, the teacher was just ready to reprimand the child for what she had done when she saw the look of complete satisfaction on the child's face. Suddenly, she realized that Mary was unaware of what she really had meant. Smiling at her she said, "Now let us bow our heads again while I say thank you to God for our milk and crackers."

Grace at meals is a time when we may completely ignore the Giver of all good gifts, a time when we may "say words" or even exploit our children, or an

opportunity for a rich experience of worship together as a family.

The Browns always have had grace at their table. It began at their first meal after their marriage and seemed such a natural thing to do. Out of their happiness together there welled up a thankfulness that Jim Brown expressed when they bowed their heads and he prayed, "O God, we thank thee for the happiness of being together in our new home, and for this food that for the first time we are sharing together as a family. Bless this food and bless our home, we pray."

As the children came along and grew old enough to share the meal with their parents, the Browns faced the fact that many words which they were using were beyond the understanding of the children. So they took special care that at least a portion of the table grace was understandable by the young children. They included such expressions as, "Thank you, God, for the good milk that will help us grow tall and strong." "Thank you, God, for yellow carrots and green beans. We are glad you made them good to eat, and pretty, too."

At first the children mumbled sounds as one of the parents prayed; and though there really were no words, they were getting a feeling that they were having a part in something important. As the prayer gradually had meaning for them, they began to repeat words, then phrases, and finally whole sentences. One day Mr. Brown said, "Billy, would you like to say thank you for our food today?" Billy smiled his joy and said, "Thank you for our food today." It was not long until the children were completely at ease and speaking naturally and freely the things they wanted to say to God.

The Smiths were different. From time to time each had thought that they "really should have grace at the table," but neither one knew quite how to go about suggesting it; and "What would they say anyhow?" The children came along. When they were old enough, the Smiths felt

(Continued on page 30)

maree



# With Jesus in Our

by Edith Limer Ledbetter

THE morning sun shone brightly into the gay blue-and-yellow charm of Cathy's kitchen, and highlighted the gleam of Cathy's fair hair, as she busied herself at the sink. She sang, half unconsciously, as she worked, but under the lilt of the tune her mind was chanting, over and over again, six words: "I've been married six years today! I've been married six years today!"

Six years. Six happy years, and good years. She and Jeff had been determined that theirs should be a good marriage; and as Cathy relived, in memory, the precious milestones of their married life, her mind lingered on the events of the first five years and then hurriedly passed over the events of the last year. "It's been a good year, too," she assured herself, speaking aloud to bolster up her belief in the statement. "It has just been different from the other years. That's all, different."

"Mo-o-o-ther! Mo-o-ther!"

"Muvver!"

The two childish voices floating down the stairway told her that both children were awake. Five-year-old Richard was standing in the upper hall as she came up the stairway, and he greeted her with enthusiasm, as befitted a little boy who had not seen his mother in almost twelve hours. "I got a surprise for you, Mother. It's a new song I learned in the Sunday school yesterday. Sylvia practiced me, and practiced me, so I could sing it nicely for you. Do you want to hear it, Mother?"

"Of course I do. Hurry up and sing it," Cathy urged her son. By this time Nancy had crawled out of her crib, and joined them. Richard looked down at his sister loftily, and said, "Nancy knows it some. She can sing it with me, if she wants to," and he promptly led off in the new song.

"With Jesus in our family what a happy home;

What a happy home, what a happy home!

With Jesus in our family, what a happy home:

Oh, how glad we are!"

As they sang, Cathy's eyes adored them—Richard, with his tousled red hair, so much like Jeff's, and Nancy's fair ringlets that would one day be like Cathy's own.

"Do you like it, Mother? Do you like it?" Richard asked eagerly, as they finished.

And Nancy echoed, "Like it, Muvver!"

"Of course I do," Cathy assured them. "I think it is a beautiful song."

"Then we'll sing it again," Richard declared, and they sang it lustily. When they had finished the second rendition, Richard inquired earnestly, "Mother, is Jesus in our family?"

"Oh, yes," Cathy answered hastily. "Of course he is."

"I just wanted to be sure. My teacher said it was very important." He paused a moment, and added, "Very, very important. Now I want to get dressed."

When the children had been fed and were playing happily in the back yard, Cathy's mind kept coming back to the question of her little son: "Is Jesus in our family?"

"If he had asked me a year ago," she thought soberly, "it would not have bothered me. But now I am not so sure. This year has been so different."

The difference had begun when Jeff had had his promotion. When they were married, he had been assistant manager of the market in the small town in which they had both lived all of their lives. They had come from church-centered homes, and had continued to be active in all phases of the church program. But almost a year ago Jeff had been promoted to the managership of a larger market, eighty miles from the old home, in a much larger town. Breaking up and moving had been sad, but exciting, too. They had a finer home, and Jeff's business had prospered.

The first week that they had been in the new home Jeff had been invited to join the Y.B.M.'s. "It stands for 'Young Business Men,'" he explained, in telling Cathy about it. "It is partly for business promotion, as I get it, but largely social, and sort of exclusive. About twenty couples around our age, have all kinds of get-togethers. They seemed to think they were doing us an honor to ask us; so maybe we'd better join. It is hard to know what to do." In the end they had joined.

They had joined the church, too, shortly after their arrival. The



# Family

people had been friendly, and the children had been happy in their new church school. Jeff had made a generous pledge, and Cathy had been invited to the missionary society meetings. But it soon became very clear that they could not keep up with the Y.B.M. crowd, and be regular in church activities, too. Most of the Y.B.M. affairs were planned for Saturday night, and lasted well into Sunday, or they were scheduled for all day Sunday. Soon the church was fast losing out in the lives of Cathy and Jeff. Perhaps they would not have given up their spiritual lives so readily if the problem of the children's church school attendance had not been solved so smoothly.

Sylvia Burton lived next door to them. She was a senior in high school, and a quiet, dependable girl. The first time they had asked her if she would be interested in baby sitting for them, she told them frankly, "I'll be more than glad to stay with Richard and Nancy any time you need me. I hope to go to college next year, and am anxious to make all the money I can now. I can take

them to church school any time, too. I saw you in our church the Sunday you joined, and I teach in the Beginner Department, where Richard goes."

At first the Mortons had made a point of going at least on the first Sunday in each month and paying their pledge to the church. But Cathy now remembered sadly that the month before last they had mailed in the check, and last month they did not see how they could possibly spare the money at all. It was costing so much to keep up with the Y.B.M.'s!

Several times that morning Cathy heard the children singing their new song. Even when they were not singing it, the melody and the words rang in her ears. She no longer had any desire to slip up to the closet in her room, to peep at the expensive new evening dress that she had purchased



Her mind lingered on the events of the first five years and then hurriedly passed over the events of the last year. "It's been a good year, too," she assured herself, speaking aloud to bolster her belief in the statement. "It has just been different from the other years."



to wear to the anniversary party the crowd was giving in their honor tonight. When Jeff's almost-new evening suit came back from the cleaner's, it was just another reminder of the evening ahead. Tears came to Cathy's eyes as she remembered, with homesick longing, the family parties they had enjoyed on previous anniversaries.

It was too late to back out now, although she was still tired from the all-day picnic of the day before. By this time she was dreading the evening's noisy gaiety. She thought it only fair, though, to keep her unhappiness from Jeff.

Three days after the party Cathy and Jeff had their quarrel. They had had disagreements before, but never anything like this. Jeff had been going over the household accounts, and they had been discussing the sorry mess into which their family finances had sunk. Soon each one was accusing the other of being responsible. As their anger rose, their bitter accusations became louder and louder, until Richard was aroused. He slipped from his bed. Noiselessly, he started down the stairs, and peeped into the living room. He, who had lived in a world of love, now saw and heard his father and mother shouting angrily at each other, and calling each other hateful names.

Richard let out an agonizing wail. The adults looked at each other in shamed silence, and hurried to the child. Together they put him to bed, but for a long, long time he sobbed, and neither parent slept until almost morning. The next night, when they put him to bed, Richard begged pitifully, "Shut my door, so I can't hear the noise." Cathy and Jeff assured him that there would be no noise, but he was insistent. So they shut his door.

The next afternoon, when Cathy put the children to bed for their naps, Richard again insisted that the door of his room be closed, "So I can't hear the noise," he repeated. Cathy tucked both children in, and went soberly down to the basement to iron.

"I do hope he will take a good,

long nap," she thought. "He's so frightened."

Two hours later Nancy awoke, but there was no sound from Richard's room. "Let's not wake Brother up," she whispered to Nancy, and went to the kitchen to begin preparations for dinner. So busy was Cathy that she did not realize the passing of time until dusk began to fall.

"Surely, Richard should be awake now!" she said to herself, and hurried up the stairs. When she opened the door of his room, she gasped in terror. There was no little boy in the bed. "He must be somewhere in the house," she said to herself, and searched frantically through the house and the yard. Going back into his room to check, she found that the clothing she had removed for his nap was gone, except for his shoes, and that his bedroom slippers were

**It's a fact:**

**A "carnation" is really a "meat flower."**

missing. Gone also were his Sunday hat and coat.

Cathy rushed to the phone to call Jeff. "I'll be right home," he assured her. "Don't be panicky; he must be there somewhere." But Jeff had no better success in finding the child, and he called the police. Soon the radio station was broadcasting an appeal for a little redheaded boy of five who was missing. Policemen were searching diligently for clues, and police cars were combing the vicinity. But there were no clues. The little boy had simply disappeared.

Jeff and Cathy were numb with fear, and their house was bedlam. Police were in and out, asking questions, and friends came and went. There was nothing anyone could do. Someone took Nancy home with him, and offered to keep her for the night. Boy Scouts and firemen joined in the hunt in the

woods, at the far end of the city's limits. Other fathers and mothers were searching. When someone whispered to Jeff that they were planning to drag the lake, he said tersely, "Don't let my wife know it!"

It was almost midnight when the telephone rang in the police station. The sergeant at the desk picked up the receiver, and heard a man's voice asking, "Do you know anything about a little redheaded boy who is missing? My wife and I have been out of town all day. We just got in, and there's a little redheaded boy about five years old asleep on the glider on our back screen porch."

"Where do you live?" inquired the sergeant, eagerly, and then, "I'll be right out." On second thought he added, "No, I'll send the parents."

So Cathy and Jeff brought Richard home, and soon everyone was gone but the family. "Why did you go?" they inquired anxiously of their tired, sleepy little son.

"I tried to find the Sunday school," he explained earnestly. "I went everywhere, but I couldn't find it."

"Why did you want to find the Sunday school?" Jeff pressed him. "What was there?"

"Jesus is in the Sunday school," Richard answered emphatically. "We don't have Jesus in our family, and we don't have a happy home. I wanted to tell Jesus to come quick, so my mommy and daddy won't fight any more, and come to Sunday school with me and Nancy. I couldn't find the Sunday school; and then I saw a house that looked like our house, but it wasn't our house. I went up on the porch, and I was tired, and I went to sleep."

Cathy and Jeff looked into each other's tear-dimmed eyes. "He was wiser than we were," Jeff said tenderly. "He knew what we needed in our home." Then, looking into the face of his son, he said seriously, "You mustn't worry any more, Richard. We will have Jesus in our family, always. I promise you."

"I promise you, too," Cathy's voice quavered. "And then we'll have a happy home."



# COULD YOUR SON PREACH ?

by Mary Blair Immel

**E**DGAR JENNINGS entered the office of Max Williams, a friend from church.

"Hello there, Ed," Max called. "Say, how's the young parson?"

Ed was surprised at this greeting, until Max explained, "I read in the church paper that while your son Tom was at Youth Conference, he dedicated his life to full-time Christian service."

"Oh, that!" Ed shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, it was a nice gesture, but I don't think he'll really carry through with it. You know how kids are."

Each year at summer conferences and church conventions sincere boys and girls make commitments to their Lord to enter some field of full-time church work.

Many of these young people will some day complete their education and become ministers, directors of Christian education, youth workers, missionaries at home or abroad, ministers of music, and secretaries in the church. Unfortunately, a large group of the boys and girls who have been seriously compelled by their faith to make an important decision for life service will drop out along the way, thereby intensifying the shortage of young people who are now training to give full-time service to Christ.

It is true that sometimes it is advisable for a particular candidate to re-evaluate his earlier decision and decide upon another endeavor. He may not possess the personal qualifications and intense desire

**Many youth who have the potential to become ministers are thwarted in their ambitions by parents who think that this is "just a passing fancy."**

to become an effective professional church worker. There are, however, a great many potential Timothys and Pauls who fall by the wayside because they lack help from those who should be the most concerned with their future plans—their parents. Sometimes parents are displeased with the teenager's decision to enter a church vocation. Sometimes they are disinterested and hope that time will take care of the problem. Sometimes they are simply at a loss to know how to proceed or how to counsel with a young person who has made a decision to enter the

ministry or to seek a church-related position.

There are many parents like Ed Jennings. They mean well, and feel justified in holding the kind of opinion that Ed expressed to his friend. Ed, however, was inadvertently helping to discourage his son by assuming that although Tom had good intentions, the boy probably would not want to follow through and prepare for a Christian vocation when life's chips were really down and he was up against a final choice.

Instead of shrugging his shoulders, what should Ed Jennings be doing to help his son make a decision concerning his life work? First of all, he should not risk defeating Tom's high ambition with a parental attitude of indifference, or by assuming that the boy will not "have what it takes" to continue looking toward and studying to do full-time church work.





photo by erb

Many teen-age boys make their decision to enter the ministry while attending a church camp or conference. Parents should not think of this as a mere whim and pass it off lightly.

Whenever a son or daughter indicates a desire to enter a particular field of work that is wholesome, a parent should first accept the choice, realizing that the young person has a right to look toward any life-work which will satisfy him and use his talents to the best advantage for himself and mankind.

Parents should take time to sit down and discuss with their boy or girl the various aspects of life-time church service. Literature can be ordered from church publishing houses or national church offices which will help the parents to understand what a full-time church vocation involves. Parents should help young people obtain such literature and use it, for with its help the qualifications involved in various church vocations can be compared with a candidate's abilities and resources.

To qualify for many church positions a college degree will be necessary, and the choice of a college will be important. A teen-ager who wants to enter a full-time church profession should also be helped to consider college entrance requirements well in advance.

Then he can avoid having a deficiency in high school credits or grade standards before being accepted at college. The choice of a major study to be pursued during the college years is one with which the candidate may need help too. Some undergraduate colleges recommend that a pre-ministerial student take a major in English or history. Pre-ministerial students need a broad background in the arts and sciences. A girl looking toward church secretarial work would do well to perfect her secretarial skills and take some courses in religion along with her business studies. The courses in religion will acquaint her with the words and ideas one uses in church work. One secretary, who lacked such a background, was typing sermon notes. She could not spell Zacchaeus and had no idea of where to look up the correct spelling.

How a young person will finance his education is also an important consideration. The family budget may not be able to meet the cost of tuition, room and board, books, and other college expenses. Then other plans should be made ahead of time, so that the young



person can help to earn his own way without his studies suffering as a result.

Many churches offer scholarships to their own young people who plan to attend a church college or enter full-time church work. Sometimes a church will extend a helping hand to a boy or girl outside its own membership. Colleges usually have some scholarships to grant, and some colleges have work-study programs. The parents should help the young person check into and evaluate all such opportunities.

If a part-time job outside the school is necessary, there may be a job available as youth director in a college town church. Many city recreation and park departments have openings for college students to serve as recreation directors. The YMCA or YWCA may have an opening which would provide not only financial help but good experience. Many prospective church secretaries and ministers of music find jobs in churches, clubs, or businesses which provide them with excellent "in-service training" opportunities. Some churches offer scholarships to young persons who will sing in their choirs or teach in their church schools. Information concerning scholarships and possible positions can be obtained by the family through the college which the Young Person chooses.

Another helpful thing that parents can do for the prospective church worker of high-school age is to arrange for the young person to counsel with men and women who have had experience in church vocations. Most ministers and other professional church workers are happy to talk things over with young people and give them guidance. Missionaries who are on furlough are always glad to give missionary candidates information about fields of foreign service.

Some church-related colleges sponsor annual Life Investment Conferences or Christian Vocation Conferences. A local minister can help families of young people interested in Christian service to obtain information on such conferences. These conferences attempt to bring together experts in the various fields of professional church work, to give lectures, counsel, and guidance, which help young people as they make this all-important decision.

Even if a young person in the family who talks of a church vocation is presently in his very early teens, his parents should consider seriously his commitment to church service. They should begin counseling sessions. They should seek advice from their ministers. Possibly, through their help, arrangements can be made so that the young person can work in a church for a few hours each week under professional supervision. This would help the candidate get insight into his chosen field by a first-hand look at its various aspects.

A girl interested in secretarial work will discover

that there is always a need for a volunteer to do filing, mailing, typing, and dozens of other jobs in a church office.

A young person who is interested in the field of Christian education may assist by planning and leading a children's recreation program, by working in the daily vacation church school, or by acting as a junior counselor at a church camp.

A young person interested in the field of church music could either help out with the music library or organize a junior choir.

Possibly, Edgar Jennings' main problem was that he could not visualize his teen-age boy in such a responsible position as the one to which he aspired. Such questions as, "Will he make the grade?" "Will he be a real asset to the Kingdom?" and "Is he in earnest about the decision he has made or was it an off-the-cuff response to an overly emotional appeal?" probably filled this father's mind. Mr. Jennings should take his son's present decision seriously, help him evaluate its implications, and see how to follow it through.

So Edgar Jennings' boy has decided to become a preacher! Is there anything to this? Very probably there is. Ed himself is the one man in the best position to find out. He may know, all right, how flighty kids are. He also needs to know how sincerely committed young people can be.

**Here is a personal qualifications check list for parents of young people who want to enter church vocations.**

It is not a foolproof test of aptitude for there are always exceptions to any given set of rules; but it can act as a measure for parents who have an aspiring church worker in the family. If a yes answer can be given to eight or more of these eleven questions, a young person may well be encouraged by his parents to go on to prepare for a church vocation.

Does the young person in your home:

1. *Go to church regularly, without urging, because he enjoys it?*
2. *Have personal daily devotions and good Bible reading habits?*
3. *Get along well with the majority of people with whom he comes in contact?*
4. *Have a natural interest in the welfare of others?*
5. *Have an office in the youth group or serve on a church committee?*
6. *Carry through jobs for which he has offered his services?*
7. *Accept behind-the-scenes jobs, as well as "glory" positions?*
8. *Fulfill his responsibility to be a good Christian example?*
9. *Study well and make acceptable grades in basic subjects?*
10. *Participate in varied activities, such as sports, music, and study?*
11. *Appreciate other people's interest in varied activities?*



By LOIE BRANDOM

# *The First Thanks- giving Party*

AMONG the many things for which we, as Christians, should give thanks, is the blessing of family, friends, and neighbors in whom we can put our trust.

The early Pilgrims, who came to this country in search of religious freedom, had to cultivate trust between themselves and the Indians, their only neighbors in this new country.

To help promote this friendship, the first Thanksgiving party was planned. Chief Massasoit and his Indian warriors were welcomed and entertained with feasting, prayer, games, and feats of strength and skill.

So may we be reminded, at this Thanksgiving season, of the greater blessings we now enjoy. While giving thanks, we can also, through the medium of a social get-together, draw closer in the spirit of friendship with our own associates and neighbors.

The first Thanksgiving party,  
Our country ever knew,  
The Pilgrim Fathers gave,  
The Indian chiefs to woo.  
So please come to our party,  
We hope we can renew,  
The Thankful spirit of that day,  
And entertain you, too.

Hour	Date	Place
------	------	-------

If a couple of boys dressed in Indian suits can greet the guests at the door and indicate where they may leave their coats, the spirit of the occasion will be established at once. Or, a young couple dressed to represent John Alden and Priscilla Mullens may act as greeters of the guests with the same general effect.

The decorations should carry out a Thanksgiving theme, representing the Pilgrims and their first harvest of fruits, game, and vegetables, especially with the use of pumpkin and corn fodder decorations. Toy bows and arrows, feathered Indian headdresses, and tepees among the shocks of corn fodder call to mind the Indians who were at the first Thanksgiving party.

As the guests arrive, a boy dressed as an Indian hands each one a pencil and a slip of paper containing questions, and directs him to a table containing the objects with which the questions deal. The objects should, in some way, suggest Thanksgiving, and are numbered to correspond to the numbered questions on the slips which the guests are asked to answer, then sign with their names. Thus, on the table could be found an apple, a big pumpkin, a glass jar





of cranberries, an ear of corn, and so on. The corresponding questions would likely be, guess how many seeds in the apple. How many inches around the pumpkin? How many cranberries in the jar? Give your guess of the number of kernels on the ear of corn, etc. After the slips are signed, they are collected and graded, so that later in the evening appropriate prizes may be awarded to the best guessers.

**Indian Chief** makes a good game where a large number of people of various ages are the players. Wild turkey being one of the main dishes at the first Thanksgiving party, we will add to the game a turkey for the Chief to catch. The players form a large circle, holding hands to make a pen in which both the Chief (a boy), and the turkey (a girl) take their places. The Chief is blindfolded and must catch the turkey. If he cannot hear the turkey moving about, he can stand still and say "ugh, ugh, ugh" three times, and the turkey must answer by flapping her wings and giving a loud "gobble, gobble." When the Chief finally succeeds in catching the lively turkey, he joins the circle, she chooses a young man to be turkey, and she becomes an Indian squaw who must capture the turkey.

**Things for Which to Be Thankful.** On a slip of paper each guest writes some humorous thing for which he is thankful. No names are signed, but the papers are collected, shuffled, and passed around again, each one being asked in turn to read what is on the paper received in this way. Thus, one unsuspecting player may read, "I'm thankful I am not a hippopotamus because my mouth is too big as it is." "I'm thankful for my big feet. They provide such a firm foundation," reads another surprised player, and so on.

A real test of skill for both Indians and Pilgrims is the following stunt. Each group, or circle, should be composed of six players, all as nearly the same height as possible. Each player puts his left hand on his hip, and extends his right hand toward the center of the circle in order to grasp the edge of a plate. On the plate should be two or more objects which roll around easily. They may be a couple of ping pong balls, several BB shots, marbles, or pieces of hard round candy. The players march in a circle to music, and the contest is to see which group can march the longest time without spilling the contents of their partnership plate. It is a good test of teamwork and co-operative skill. The game may be made very difficult by playing the march music first slow,



then fast, then medium slow, making it more difficult to keep time when marching.

Another game of skill would be an apple race. Each contestant is handed an apple which he must balance on his head. Then he locks his hands behind his back. At the signal GO the race to the goal line starts. In this race, however, the winner is not always the one who starts off the fastest. For if an apple rolls off a contestant's head, he must secure the apple, return to the starting tape, rebalance it on his head, and start over. By this time the race may have been won by another player. If there is a large number of guests, all may have a turn at racing the course, and then the winners of each race are entered in an elimination race to select the final winner.

A bow and arrow contest should, of course, be limited to the use of toy weapons. The target could be some wild game, deer or turkey, sketched on a large sheet of white paper. The winner could receive a toy bow and arrows for a prize.

Other prizes appropriate for an occasion of this kind would be a feathered headdress, a string of Indian beads, wampum, a shell necklace, chocolate turkeys, a small beaded pocketbook, a book of Indian stories, or stories of the Pilgrims.

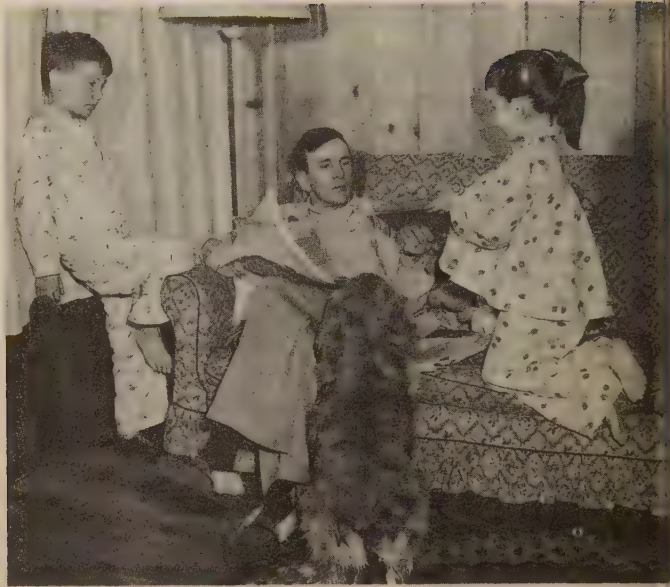
Refreshments may be simply sandwiches and either a hot drink, or cold bottled beverage, or they may consist of a more elaborate menu of oyster stew, crackers, pickles, stuffed celery, pumpkin pie with coffee, or cocoa.





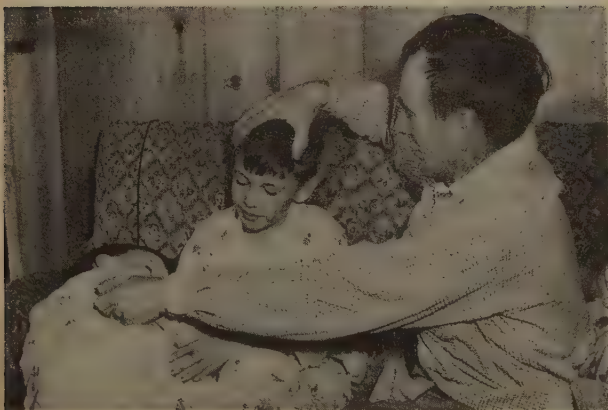
# The Children's Hour

Read us a story, Daddy.



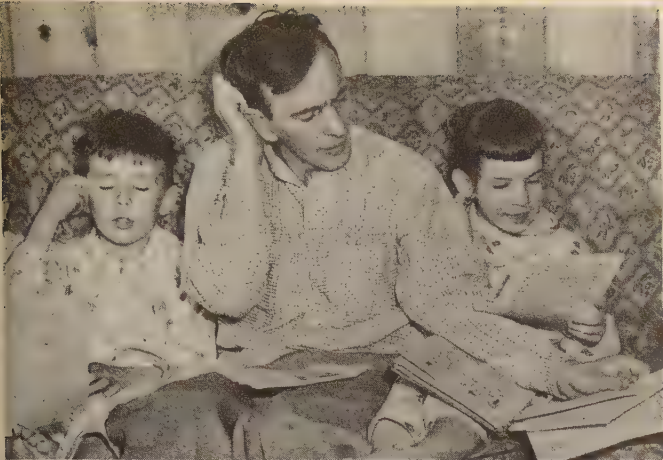
Oh, boy! He's gonna read us a story!

Which one shall it be?



Richie, pay attention and stop teasing!





Where  
was I?

I wanna read it myself.



*photos and feature by*  
**Eric Wahleen**

Handed down from beyond the Victorian age, the modern version of the age-old bedtime story fits right in with the mechanical era, existing right alongside television and thermostats with remarkable ease.

Nothing can substitute for father's ability to improvise on well-worn stories. He can clothe shining knights in cowboy hats and find Bo Peep's lost sheep by expert use of a radio patrol.

Assembly-line techniques keep everything well synchronized. His droning voice smooths over small squabbles, while a watchful eye keeps track of wandering attention.

Explanations and expostulations are interspersed at soothing intervals 'til peaceful quiet finds Susie sound asleep and Junior begging for bed.



Climb aboard, kids. It's time for bed.



# WORSHIP

## in the family with children

TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

### Sing to the Lord

At the breakfast table Father prayed, "We thank you, God, for this gift of food and for all your good plans for us. As we think of Thanksgiving Day, help us to be glad so that we will sing to the Lord."

At the close of the prayer, Raymond looked at Father a moment. Then he asked, "How do you 'sing to the Lord'?"

Father smiled. Then he said in his deep voice, "It is easy, once you get in the habit of doing it."

"Do I?" was Raymond's next question.

"I can't answer for you," Father replied, "but I do."

"How?" Raymond insisted.

"Well," Father said slowly, "first you must remember that God plans everything for our care and well-being. That means that he plans for homes, for food, for clothes, for beauty, and for what brings us pleasure. When we realize that, and when we are really thankful for these good plans of God, there is a song of joy deep in our hearts."



Gedge Harmon

"Oh," Raymond said, "I thought you were talking about a real song."

"But this is a real song. Do you ever hear a song in your mind without really hearing it sung or played?"

"Yes," Raymond admitted.

"When one sings to the Lord," Father continued, "the song is in his heart or mind so that he hears it even if no one else does."

While Father and Raymond had been talking, Mother and the other children had been eating. Now they, too, began to eat breakfast.

"Please pass me the milk," Raymond said.

Mother picked up the pitcher. "Well!" she said, "it is empty. I'll get some more." But when she went to the refrigerator, she found no more milk there either.

"I guess we will just have to wait for the milkman," Mother said. "He should be here soon."

Raymond turned to look out the window. "I see his truck down the street," he said. "He will be here in a minute."

As he spoke, the milkman drove his truck to the house. Raymond went out on the porch to meet him. The milkman handed the bottles to Raymond.

A smile spread over Raymond's face as he thought of how good the milk would be to drink; of how good it would taste on his cereal!

Now he knew what Father meant!

**THEME FOR  
NOVEMBER**

### Sing to the Lord

#### A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.



## TO USE WITH OLDER CHILDREN

### Why We Are Thankful

The family sat before a crackling wood fire one bright but chilly Sunday afternoon. Betty and Mother were reading. Father was sleeping in his chair. Joe was playing with the kitten.

Mother laid down her book and began to sing,

"We plow the fields, and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered  
By God's almighty hand."<sup>1</sup>

Father awakened with a start. He looked at Mother a moment. Then he joined in the song,

"He sends the snow in winter,  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes and the sunshine,  
And soft refreshing rain."<sup>1</sup>

They stopped singing for a moment, and Father said, "The snows of winter are not far off. I'm so glad that we have all the crops harvested and all ready for winter. We have much to be thankful for this Thanksgiving season. Let's see what we can name."

"I'm thankful for our family," Mother said as she looked at Father, at Betty, then at Joe. "To me, that is the greatest and most important gift from God."

"We all are thankful for one another," Father agreed. "Betty, what would you like to add to the list Mother has begun?"

"Well," Betty began, "I'm glad for the fire that keeps us warm. I'm glad for warm clothes when we need to go outside. I'm glad for books, and for school where we learn how to use them. I'm glad for all the pleasant things we enjoy at home and at school."

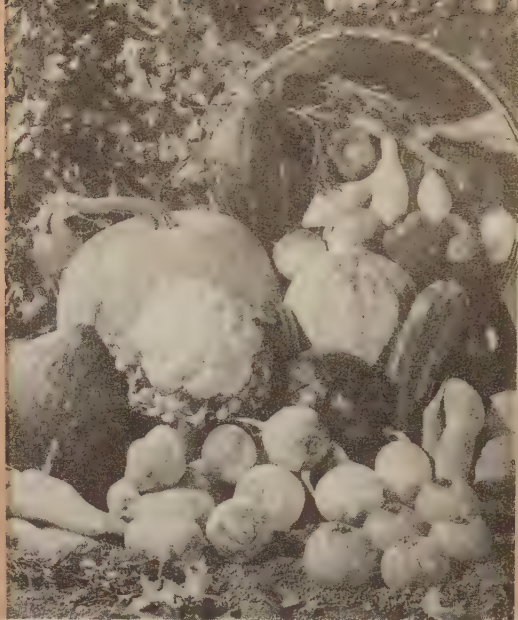
Father laughed. "You did not have to think long to make up your list," he said. "Now I'll add my reasons for being grateful at Thanksgiving and at all times. I'm glad for the good land on our farm. I'm glad that we can work with God to produce the food from the land. I'm glad for all the machinery and the conveniences which make our work easier. I'm glad for sun and rain, for the winds that blow, for the snow of winter, and for all of God's good laws upon which we can depend." Father stopped talking, and there was silence for a few minutes while all of the family thought about what he said. Then they all looked at Joe.

Joe rubbed the kitten's soft fur. "You have already said everything that I'm thankful for."

"I doubt that," Father said with a smile. "How about your kitten?"

"Oh, yes," Joe answered, "I'm glad for her and for Spot, and for the chickens—and the cow."

"Good," Father said. "Those are good additions to our Thanksgiving list! Anything else?"



*Ewing Galloway*

Joe shook his head.

Again there was a moment of silence. Then Father turned in his chair so that he was looking out of the window. One by one the family looked in the same direction. Then Father asked, "Do you see what I see?"

Joe got up off the floor and went to stand at the window. "I see the basket of vegetables that Mother left out there by the garden gate," he said. Then he continued slowly, "I guess none of us have said that we are glad for all the good food that we have to eat."

Once more Mother began to sing, and one by one the family joined her,

"All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above;  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord  
For all His love."<sup>2</sup>

When the song was ended, Father reached for the Bible lying on the table. He opened it, turned a few pages, and read,

"Praise the LORD!

For it is good to sing praises to our God;  
for he is gracious, and a song of praise is seemly.

Sing to the LORD with thanksgiving;  
make melody to our God upon the lyre!

He covers the heavens with clouds,  
he prepares rain for the earth,  
he makes grass grow upon the hills.

He gives to the beasts their food,  
and to the young ravens which cry.

O sing to the LORD a new song,  
for he has done marvelous things."<sup>2</sup>

He laid the Bible back on the table. "Some of the 'marvelous things' that the Lord has done have been named by us this afternoon. They are our reasons for being glad and grateful at this Thanksgiving time."

<sup>1</sup>"We Plow the Fields, and Scatter," by Matthias Claudius, 1740-1815.

<sup>2</sup>Psalms 147:1, 7-9; 98:1.



## A Thanksgiving Prayer

A group of juniors, meeting in a Harrisburg, Oregon, church, wrote this prayer. They read Psalm 136 and other Bible passages, listed on the board the things for which they were thankful, then worked them into a prayer.

We thank you for yourself and your love; and for our many, many friends.

*For your love is good, O God.*

We thank you for our food which comes from the good soil; the cattle which you have made; and for fruits and vegetables.

*For your love is good, O God.*

We thank you for the roof that is over our heads; our fathers and mothers who care for us.

*For your love is good, O God.*

We thank you for our many kinds of clothes that meet our needs. We are thankful that we can share them with others, our friends in a faraway land; or our cousins.

*For your love is good, O God.*

We are thankful that we can go to church and church school where we learn from the Bible how to live in a good way.

*For your love is good, O God.*

We are thankful for the rivers in our free land that give us power to meet our many needs in life.

*For your love is good, O God.*

Gedde Harmon

## FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

### Call to Worship:

O sing to the LORD a new song,  
for he has done marvelous things!

—Psalm 98:1.

**Song:** Choose a favorite Thanksgiving song or use one of the following: "Oh, Give Thanks Unto the Lord," third-year primary pupil's book for fall, p. 22; "All People That on Earth Do Dwell," first-year junior pupil's book for fall, p. 29; or "Come, Ye Thankful People," third-year junior pupil's book for fall, p. 32.

**Meditation:** Plan your own meditation based on a favorite Thanksgiving passage, on the Bible poem printed on the opposite page, or on the story on the opposite page.

**Picture Study:** "The Angelus," first-year primary pupil's book for fall, p. 29.

**Prayer:** Dear God, we thank you for all your good gifts to us. Help us to show our thankfulness in the way that we live from day to day. Amen.

### Thanksgiving

I thank you, Lord, for rain and sun,  
For clouds, and starry skies,  
For home, and school, and playtime fun,  
For being good and wise.  
I thank you, Lord, for day and night,  
For summer, winter, spring,  
For autumn woods so gay and bright,  
For love, and everything.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson





# jenny's two gifts

By Jean Wyatt

Sunshine played over everything this fall day. It played on a puppy chasing a ball and on Jenny and her friend Ellen as they hurried along the street.

Approaching a big stone house, Jenny whispered, "There's old Mr. Stern sitting by his window. Hardly anyone ever sees him. You know," added Jenny, "I feel sort of sorry for him."

Ellen followed her friend's glance.

"He looks so crabby," she retorted. "Anyway, he has lots of money, I hear, and someone to wait on him."

Jenny was thoughtful.

"Wonder when Mr. Stern had the last visitor?" she asked slowly.

Ellen laughed.

"Oh, what do we care, Jenny?" Then Ellen added, "Say, we'll be at the park soon. Hope the maple leaves are big so they'll look pretty when we wax them!"

Jenny smiled, and Ellen linked her arm through her friend's.

Other children were in the park, too, gathering the fallen leaves where they lay on the ground like a gay colored rug.

Sometime later, with hands full of the bright leaves, Jenny said, "Ellen, will you come with me to call on old Mr. Stern?"

Ellen's mouth fell open in a round "O."

"Whatever for?" she spoke at last. "He wouldn't even let us in his old house. Remember the time my brother tried to sell him a ticket to the Tech Boys' band concert, and he grumbled about folks bothering him to buy something all the time?"

"But we could try," Jenny insisted.

Ellen shook her head.

"Not me," she declared. "Visiting in a gloomy stone house wouldn't be any fun."

Jenny was silent; but when she and Ellen reached the house

where Mr. Stern lived, Jenny paused and repeated, "Sure you won't come in, Ellen?"

Her friend looked surprised.

"Do you mean you are really going to call on him?"

"He looked so lonely when we saw him," Jenny said simply.

Ellen said airily, "Go ahead, Jenny," and walked away.

Jenny moved up the walk. She knocked on the heavy oaken door because she couldn't reach the brass knocker.

The door was opened by a pleasant-faced woman. "May I see Mr. Stern?" began Jenny.

A voice called gruffly, "I won't buy anything at the door!"

Jenny managed a smile.

"I'm not selling anything," she told the woman. "I—I just wanted to give these maple leaves I gathered in the park to Mr. Stern."

The woman smiled.

"Come in, child. You may give them to him yourself."

Jenny followed the housekeeper down a high-ceilinged hall. They entered a room where a cheerful grate fire burned. By the window sat the figure of an old man.

"A young lady to see you, sir," announced the housekeeper.

Jenny smiled shyly. "Would

you like these maple leaves, Mr. Stern?" she asked, coming forward. "I just gathered them."

Mr. Stern unfolded his thin hands. He squinted faded blue eyes to the bouquet Jenny held out to him.

"Good colors," he whispered at last. He looked at Jenny and said again, "I spent many happy days in my boyhood gathering maple leaves." And then he smiled.

Jenny could hardly believe her eyes. "My goodness," she thought, "he doesn't look like the same person with a smile on!"

"I'm glad you like the leaves," Jenny spoke aloud.

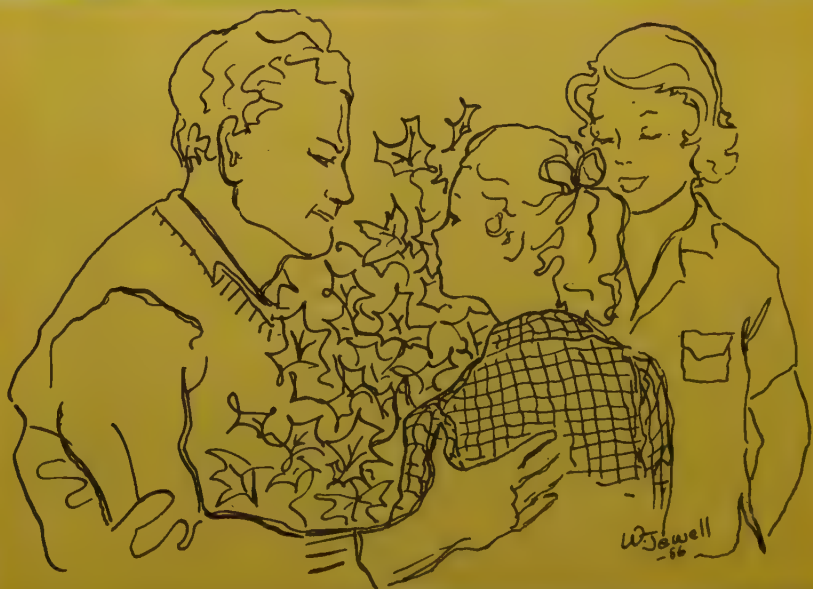
"You're very kind to visit an old man," admitted Mr. Stern. Then he raised his voice, "Jane, couldn't we have some of your good marble cake left from lunch?"

After the last crumb was finished of her second helping of marble cake, Jenny thought, "This is really Ellen's favorite cake. She should have come with me."

After a while Jenny said good-bye to Mr. Stern.

"Jenny—" began the old gentleman, "thank you again for the maple leaves, but thank you most of all for your simple gift of being kind."

Jenny smiled happily.





**H**OW often have you criticized some other adult for acting childish? How often have you looked back upon your own behavior in a certain situation and felt some shame at the childish manner in which you behaved? Do you remember the time that you could not keep from buying that little luxury that you really could not afford? Have there been times when you felt tremendous impatience with someone else's point of view and were unwilling even to listen to that point of view? If you have found yourself in any of these situations, you are not different from most people. All of us have times when these immaturities left over from our childhood make a transitory appearance in our personalities. Very few people have achieved such a state of maturity that they can be completely objective about their decisions and their behavior. Jesus was, of course, the outstanding example of real maturity of personality. Think of anyone's being able to understand other people so well and be so tolerant of them that he could say, even as he suffered death at their hands, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

As Christians, we have this ideal before us, and it is toward this ideal of maturity that we ourselves must strive and must guide our children. To do this, we must be able to translate the ideal that Christ gave us into everyday living. We must define what maturity means for us and for our relationship to our children. We must then learn the best ways of achieving it.

"No, no," every time he tries to touch anything. In the same way the anxious, restless child who is constantly in motion, going rapidly from one thing to another may have taken over some of the parent's anxiety so that he is driven by it.

You can strike a happy medium in the management of this exploratory stage of a child's life. Since it is important that a child familiarize himself with his environment, you can provide ways for him to learn about it, such as taking trips and working together.

In the same way, you can provide social experiences for your children. Playing with other children and being around when the parents have company are experiences that teach children how to get along with other people. They see how their parents behave when company is present, and they tend to imitate that behavior.

The adolescent is somewhat like the pre-school child in that he has reached a stage in life when he has to learn a whole new set of customs and values. He learns that the adult world expects mature behavior of him, sometimes more mature behavior than he is able to accomplish. He has to learn that he must forego certain childish pleasures for the sake of such things as success in school. Families have trouble in understanding the adolescent because he is such a mixture of childishness and adulthood. The parents of a fourteen-year-old girl were very proud of the

## When Are W

If we think about those people whom we criticize because they are childish, just what trait makes us call them childish? Often they are people who insist on having their own way. A very young child "wants what he wants when he wants it." You as parents have to recognize that this behavior is normal in the pre-school age. As your child begins to explore his environment, you have to be very wise and discriminating. The exploring that he does is important, for it is his way of learning about the world around him. If he were to be thwarted at every turn, he would begin to feel that his investigations were wrong. He then has a choice of complete submission in which he would stop all investigations, or of becoming resentful and ignoring your wishes or openly retaliating. One sees both types of response in children and in adults, for that matter. The timid, scared child is often one whose parent says anxiously,

social poise she showed when they had visitors. She came into the room looking tidy (which was not always her habit), talked in grown-up fashion with the guests, and in general appeared quite mature. Suddenly, to the surprise of everyone, she was flat on her stomach on the floor! As she arose, she said, "I was looking for my ball under the couch."

The adolescent's need to find out what the adult world is like creates for parents the same problem as does the pre-school child's need to explore. Parents, however, are not in quite the same position with the adolescent as they are with the young child. They cannot take the adolescent by the hand literally and help him learn the things he needs to learn. They can teach him much through example, for the adolescent is turning back to examine his family. He looks to his parents as patterns of adult life. He is trying hard to be an independent person, and yet he

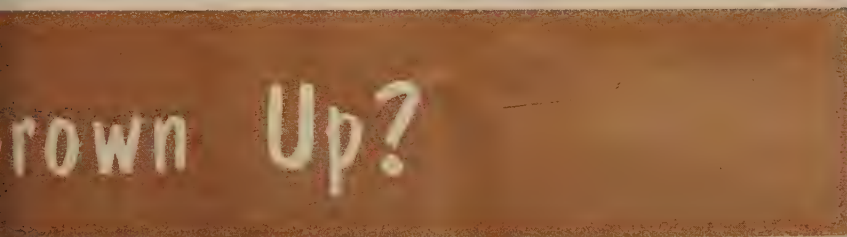


## Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups

by Jean A.  
Thompson, M.D.

The development of a well-integrated personality starts in childhood. You can help your children to attain a mature personality by setting a good example yourself.

*Carew from Monkmeier*



asks, "Did you like that boy that came home from school with me today?" In replying to this question, you should remember that the adolescent is not sure of his own judgment, and it is very important that his confidence in himself should be built up and not destroyed. If you do not approve of the friend, you should tactfully try to help your son (or daughter) acquire a different set of values in choosing friends.

There are times when you have to set limits. When the thing that the child or the young person wants to do would involve danger for himself or others, then you have to say, "No." Sometimes there are economic reasons why the child cannot be allowed to do the thing he wants to do. In such instances it is wise for you to take the child into your confidence quite frankly without communicating too much anxiety to him. Such problems have to be faced; and when a family faces them together, the child absorbs

some courage from his parents and from the united front that the family presents in meeting life's obstacles. Through facing problems with his parents, the young person learns how to face them later alone.

A feeling of personal adequacy in meeting life's problems is another attribute of the mature personality. The development of this feeling begins very early. In fact, it begins with the feeling of warmth and comfort that the infant experiences when he is cuddled in his mother's arms. When he comes home from nursery school and presents his mother with a paper covered with blue scribbles and says, "This is the sky," and his mother says, "What beautiful sky," and hangs it up, the little fellow has a feeling that he has done something worth while. More than that, he has the feeling that he is capable. The child who has had this kind of encouragement in his early years faces life with a feeling of self-confidence. It



is important that you have respect for the growing personality of your child and that you assign to the child tasks that are within his capacity to perform at a given stage of his development. We have seen children who have given up on learning because too much was expected of them.

The parent who carefully leads his child toward maturity helps the child to an awareness of his own talents and abilities. The parent who compels a child to carry out the parent's wishes or his frustrated ambitions is exhibiting immaturity in his own personality. The parent, on the other hand, who

helps a child to discover and develop his talents is setting his child on the path toward a goal. Setting of a goal in life and persistently going toward that goal are signs of maturity. Here the example of parents is again very important. Parents who take seriously their task as citizens of the community and of God's Kingdom are setting before their children a high goal and a set of values worth striving toward. The motivation for this striving stems from certain abiding things in the parent-child relationship, namely, the faith, hope, and love that the parent and the child feel toward each other.

# Study Guide

for "WHEN ARE WE  
GROWN UP?"

## Preparing for the Meeting:

The leader should, if possible, be someone in a profession linked to child guidance, preferably a social worker, psychologist, or psychiatrist. There are, however, other trained personnel who would provide good leadership for this topic. Guidance teachers, professional parent educators, and religious educators have considerable training in the field of child growth and development. If it is not possible to get a trained leader, then the lay leader should be chosen because of her knowledge and her experience with children and because of her mature personality.

The aim of this meeting should be to get the members of the group to think together on the needs of children and on their handling of them.

Caution: In any discussion of this sort some anxiety may result in a particular parent when her guilt about the handling of a situation is aroused. The leader must be ready to allay this guilt by pointing out that everyone becomes aware, now and then, of mistakes he has made; that it is not possible to bring up children without making mistakes. There is also the possibility of one member of the group's becoming critical of another. Here again the leader has to step in to prevent any member's losing face.

## Conducting the Meeting:

The following suggestions are given in order to remind the leader of some of the points he may wish to bring out with the group.

1. What does maturity of personality mean to the members of the group? No doubt it will be found that it means different things to different people. To one parent it may mean strict conformity on the part of the child to the wishes of the parent. Another may think that the child who is polite and courteous is mature. Judgment, patience, and self-control may be mentioned as signs of maturity.

The leader may wish to write these traits on a blackboard and suggest that they be added to those mentioned in the article.

2. At what age levels can we expect to see these various traits developed in the child?

The discussion should bring out the fact that it takes time for the human personality to achieve maturity. The leader may wish to bring out something about the expectations at the various growth levels; or she may stimulate the group to do some study on this subject, using books by Dr. Arnold Gesell.

It may be fruitful to get the group to try to remember times when they have misinterpreted their children's immaturity and have perhaps expected too much of them. Parents sometimes punish a child on the theory that "he is a big boy now, and he should know better." He may be a big boy, but his limited experience may not have given him the know-how that enables him to meet the situation. Parents sometimes realize this after they have punished their child and when their guilt makes them really examine their own conduct.

3. How can parents guide their children toward maturity?

Parents may ask whether it is ever right to punish children. With recent increase in efforts at parent education, many parents have become anxious lest they do lasting damage to their children's personalities by taking an authoritative attitude at times. The leader will want to reassure the parents that it is not only wise but it is inevitable that parents will at times be firm and



even punitive with their children. It must be recognized that parents are human and that they will lose their tempers at times. A child appreciates the fact that his parents are human, and he feels more secure when they make plain the framework in which he may operate.

There are several different ways in which parents help their children along from one level of maturity to the next. As previously stated, they may find it necessary to set the limits in a rather authoritative way. Sometimes they do a planned educational job when they answer a child's questions to the best of their ability and in language that the child can understand. Often the teaching is casual, as when conversation at the dinner table turns to some question of standards of conduct in the business world. The feelings that

parents express toward honesty, ethics, and morality all make their impression on the growing mind and character of the child. The most potent force in the area of guidance is the example of the parents. As stated in the article, children tend to imitate their parents.

If there are any parents in the group who have adolescent children, they may have special problems to discuss, for their children are making the final step toward maturity. Much of what has been said can be applied directly to the problem of guiding the adolescent. It may be reassuring to parents to learn from others that there is usually considerable bickering in homes where there are adolescents. This is to be expected, however, since the adolescent is at a stage in his growth when it is necessary for him to assert himself as a grownup. It is also

true that he wants his parents to be interested enough in him to worry about him, and therefore he gets some reassurance and satisfaction from the bickering.

In the matter of helping the child to gain self-confidence, no doubt many parents in the group will suggest praising the child for tasks well done. It may be necessary for the leader to dwell for a little while on the negative side, for this constitutes such a common problem. This has to do with the tendency of many parents to criticize a child and compare him unfavorably with a brother or sister with the hope of getting him to change his ways. Unfortunately, this is likely to produce the opposite effect. The child feels worthless and discouraged and is less likely to succeed as his parents wish.

(Continued on page 30.)

## BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A A horse laugh -----	36 13 23 42 63 4
B It's good with macaroni ----	57 26 65 76 38 70
C Where some ladies put rouge -----	74 62 108 30 58
D Army car -----	8 101 112 20
E A firework which rotates while burning -----	35 31 117 79 96
F An irreligious person ----	69 9 1 41 75 6 46
G Wicked or cruel person ----	64 37 21 83 105
H Broad piece of armor worn by knights of old -----	12 78 56 90 47 19
I Writer -----	48 73 15 81 27 44
J Number of bears in the Goldilocks story -----	61 89 118 32 120
K Chicken farm -----	5 67 2 7 97 80 51
L Opening in a house for light or air -----	49 52 86 77 72 59
M Natives of the land of the shamrock -----	123 24 60 10 107
N Comes on shore from a ship -----	50 113 53 84 111
O Ate very little -----	91 34 29 71 16 3

P Man who shoes horses -----	25 39 45 88 122
Q Uneven, not level -----	68 110 11 54 100
R Marks on car fenders -----	87 43 114 22 55
S Turns reddish brown with age -----	17 28 106 99 116
T Bird of a glossy black color -----	95 103 93 92 14
U Talked madly -----	109 82 66 94 115
V Act of kindness -----	98 85 119 40 102
W Puts in shape again, repairs -----	124 18 104 121 33

(Solution on page 30)

1	2	3		4	5	6	7		8	9	10
11	12		13	14	15	16	17	18	19		20
21	22	23	24	25		26	27	28	29	30	
31	32		33	34	35		36	37	38		39
40	41	42	43	44		45	46		47	48	49
	50	51	52	53	54		55	56	57	58	
59	60	61	62		63		64	65	66	67	68
	69	70		71	72	73	74	75	76	77	
78	79	80		81	82	83	84		85	86	87
	88	89	90		91	92	93	94	95		96
97	98	99		100	101	102		103	104	105	
106	107	108		109	110	111	112		113	114	115
	116	117	118	119	120	121		122	123	124	



# a Challenge for

His maxim was, "If you teach a boy to play straight  
he'll work straight and live straight."

Chris Moreland stopped at our house last night. Hardly had we finished greeting him before he announced, "I'm going to run for the city council next year. I'm telling all my friends about this early so they'll be ready to help me. I'm—"

Henry, my husband, who seldom interrupts anyone, now interrupted Chris. "I'd rather you'd wait a few years and run for mayor, Chris. You would make the kind of mayor this town needs. All you need are a few more years to your age. You know that this town for some foolish reason or other thinks its executives should be much older than you are."

Chris nodded soberly. He added, "As you both know, I'm chairman of the recreation committee organized by the civic clubs. We've had a tough battle since the first day we started working for supervised playgrounds for children in our parks and a recreation center for youth. We've converted parents to the need — members of the school board to it — the park board and the mayor. But we can't move the city council to vote us any money for it. I think if I can get on the council and work from the inside, I can get us the appropriation we need."

He reminded us of the four children who last year had been crippled by automobiles as they played in the streets. He had statistics showing the number of juveniles belonging to "gangs" who had been brought into courts and either sent to schools of correction or given paroles. He finished with, "As Dad always said, you've got to teach a boy and a girl to play straight to make them want to live and work straight. This recreation business to me is a challenge I haven't won yet."

A few minutes later he was gone, and Henry and I exchanged glances which seemed to say, "How much like his father he is. Fred Moreland would be proud if he were here to see Chris now."

The Morelands lived in one half of a duplex in our town when we first met them. Chris then was a little chap ten years old. We noticed him first when he and his father used to pass our house early each summer Saturday afternoon, swinging golf clubs and walking toward the one golf course in our part of town.

Fred Moreland was then a struggling young attorney, and Chris was the oldest of his three little sons. Henry, who knew Fred slightly, said teasingly, "I see you have a free caddy for this afternoon."

"You're wrong," Fred returned. "He's learning the game. He's such a straight shooter that before long he'll be challenging me to a tourney."

The little chap's dark eyes shone like stars. He straightened his shoulders proudly, and he said, "I've a long way to go before I do that."

Three years later Fred and Chris were partners in a tournament on our course, winning second honors. Three years after that Fred and the three oldest of his four sons were playing their own tournament with a large crowd of players watching.

Watchers said, "How well those little boys play! And they've had only Fred for a teacher."

Henry, who overheard them, reminded me that night of the many times Fred had said as he, accompanied by one or more of the little boys, walked to the golf course: "If you teach a boy to play straight, he'll think straight, he'll work straight, and he'll live straight."

Before he could teach his youngest son, Bob, to play golf, Fred Moreland drove his automobile off the highway to keep from striking two little children who ran across it and was killed. It was right after this that Chris began working for supervised playgrounds in our town. That same summer he





# Chris

by Nancy Brewer



taught little Bob to play golf. Every summer since then the four Moreland brothers have teamed for a tournament which all their friends watch.

Chris is carrying on, with his father's maxim, "If you teach a boy to play straight, he'll work and live straight."

Last winter he had his own basketball team at our church gymnasium. The five players in it were boys paroled to members of our church, influenced by Chris to accept some responsibility for them. He promised each one, "I'll help you all I can."

He's keeping his promise and at the same time working for a place where teen-agers can have recreation away from taverns and other disreputable places. Wherever he is, supervising games, he sees that all the players play straight and are in the proper mood for play.

Our neighbor, who is cynical about golf and other like games, one day told Henry, "Not all of us fathers can afford to play golf with our sons. How about that?"

I answered him for Henry that day. I told him about the croquet set that the parsonage family, to which I belonged long ago, carefully packed to see that no ball was lost or mallet broken when we moved from one town to another as Father changed churches. Then I told him of how my minister father played croquet in the evenings with his children.

Sometimes Mother played with her girls. She, like Father and Fred Moreland, believed that if a child is taught to play straight in his own back yard or with his parents in some other place, he'll think straight, work straight, and live straight.

"Father coached his boys for basketball and baseball," I continued. "There was always a hoop fastened to the barn or garage of the parsonage. The boys of his church and the neighborhood came there to play. And," I finished, "They always played the

way they were taught to play. Father introduced basketball in his churches, too."

My three brothers played ball in high school and college. Sports editors commented on the fair or straight way they played. As I look back through the years, I list many boys he taught to live straight by teaching them to play straight.

Soon after I challenged him about Fred Moreland and his sons playing golf together, our neighbor, who has a rather large back yard, bought a croquet set; and now he and his two sons play croquet. The other afternoon as ten-year-old Tommy played with some of his friends, I overheard him say, "I missed that hoop, running so close to the side of it, Jim. You thought I went through."

Jim, who is also ten years old, and without a father to teach him to play straight, returned, "I'll be watching myself close to see that I don't do the same way. I don't cheat when I'm playing with you, Tommy, because you don't cheat."

Yes, it pays to teach a child to play straight.

As Chris knew, the churches in our town will be back of him when he runs for the council. Leading men on most of them are volunteer workers on the recreation committee of which Chris is chairman. Many mothers are also on his committee. They, too, donate their time for personal recreation to help supervise the few places that we have obtained for our teen-agers to play together at night.

Chris often tells them, "Christ liked virile men who fished and worked and played out of doors. The quality of the men he selected for his apostles showed that. Just as he loved little children, I'm sure he loves parents who have time to teach their children how to play and then play with them."

That's the reason Chris is sure the church people will help him with his challenge to give the children of our town places to play together.





# Try Family Celebrations

The holidays which come throughout the year will have more meaning if you have a special celebration for them which includes participation by the entire family.



If you are rearing a family and wish them to spend more time at home as they grow up and to remember home as a hallowed place, try having family celebrations. You probably have them at Thanksgiving and Christmas, but that is only twice in a long year.

There are so many events that you need to celebrate together: family birthdays, anniversaries, holidays, and the *special blessing* days. They will take very little extra time, for often they can be combined with the evening meal. Remember that the children help in all the planning.

When the new calendars come out, give one to each member of your family who is over six years old. Then after the dinner hour, when the dishes have been cleared, gather around the table and encircle the important dates. Daughter will want to remember when she was presented with a new piano, a cedar chest, or her first formal. Son will remember his first fishing rod or golf set or baseball and bat. Perhaps the youngest member of your family will want to celebrate his first party. Mother will remember the day that she or some member of the family was able to return home from the hospital. Father will gratefully recall when he got a good raise in salary. The entire family will like to celebrate

the day that they got the new car or the new home.

The national holidays and Sundays are included, too, but they will need no circling. The Sunday celebration comes every Sunday morning when the family attends church together.

You'll be surprised how the children will look forward to these celebrations. Planning little gifts for each other, explaining a new game, telling the story of why this date is important, and singing the songs that are in keeping with the event are some of the ways you'll celebrate. A homemade easel, where any of the children may draw certain objects while they tell the story of the holiday or the event to the rest of the family, will add much to this "after dinner" entertainment. Or one may draw and another recite. The scope for talent development and enjoyment is limitless.

All celebrations are preceded or climaxed by a dinner, a tea, or a picnic luncheon, in keeping with the occasion. Here's a fine opportunity for the girls to learn cooking.

History will become alive. Let Son surprise the family by making a log cabin of cornstalks, and he will be the after-dinner speaker about Abraham Lincoln. Others may join in by telling humorous stories or reciting quotations from Lincoln. (There are so many witty sayings available to us from his pen.) Wouldn't it be fun to have corn cakes (hoe cakes) for supper?

The stories of Edison and George Washington and their great contribution to our country might be

By Jane Mitchell Clark

recited even at the dinner table under a soft light while you're finishing dinner with a delicious cherry pie. Or when the children come home from school on the 14th of February with their valentines, climax the day with little red candy hearts or mints as extras at dinner. Conversation may be skillfully steered as to how we can keep the spirit of this day throughout the year by remembering to write the needed messages and letters to those who are lonely or ill.

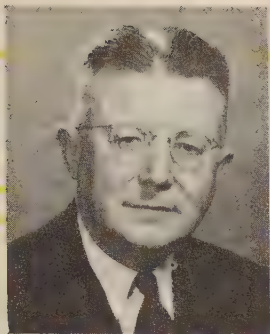
Easter presents an opportunity for lasting impressions that can be made to serve as arms against doubts in later years. Make the story of the Easter bunny laying bright colored eggs symbolic of new life. Make the resurrection of Christ as real as the return of the flowers after the long cold winter. Let one of the children arrange a bowl of spring flowers for the table, and add a dish of candy Easter eggs.

St. Patrick's Day in March is a wonderful time to study Ireland and sing her captivating songs. Don't forget to suggest a current event on Ireland today; and what an opportunity to make the evening meal decorative!

For birthday celebrations cake and ice cream are the main features. If a good picture show is in town, take the entire family to see it, or plan some other form of entertainment.

Mother's Day, Father's Day and Children's Day, besides the usual church attendance, may be a time for teaching unselfishness, as well as for memorizing Bible verses. A little prize can be given to the one  
(Continued on page 30)





# Family Counselor

**MY PROBLEM** is about my step-grandchildren, aged four and two. About a month ago my husband went up and got the two-year-old and brought her out to stay two days (or parts thereof) and a night (now just two years old, mind you) with us. Well, of course, when he went to work the next morning the full care was mine. And who can say a two-year-old is not quite a care and responsibility, especially since my only child is a boy seventeen years of age and a senior in high school.

Well, I just grinned and bore it as best I could, though I was a nervous wreck. Then yesterday he went up and got the four-year-old boy. Now neither time did he ask me if I would care for them, or if I wanted to ask them out. He just went and got them. The first time he did say something about going to get the girl—just mentioned that her grandmother wanted him to. This time he didn't even mention it—just brought the four-year-old out for me to look after and care for all day.

He knew that I have been unusually nervous for the past four or five months. (I'm forty-five years old and had to start seeing a doctor about two weeks ago who diagnosed it as the menopause.) And he knows that this was one of the busiest weeks I'll have. So I told him at noon I just couldn't baby sit any more. Well, as he always does, he just got his feelings so terribly hurt and about half cried, and everything was so upset that I just feel terrible.

In case I have given you the wrong impression, I want to say that in spite of our upset he is one of the finest men I ever knew. I just feel that he is expecting far too much of me to keep these babies, his grandchildren. In the first place, I think they are too young to be staying away from their parents at night. I can't remember even once that my boy stayed away from me when he was that age.

Please tell me if I am right or wrong in my attitude because I sure want to do what is right.

**ALTHOUGH** it is a mistake to assume that all women will inevitably become nervous, irritable, and moody during menopause, it is true that many do experience emotional upsets during that time. Your comments suggest that it may be because of this that you found it such a burden to take care of your grandchildren for a day or so.

It is quite possible that your husband thoughtlessly forgot about your condition and just took for

granted that you would enjoy having the children with you. If so, he must have been somewhat startled when you said you just could not baby sit any more, and it is not surprising that he should have been somewhat hurt.

It is important that your husband should realize that he should not bring the children home without talking with you about it beforehand and finding out whether or not to do so fits into your plans. Furthermore, he should understand that because of menopause, you may not feel quite up to what ordinarily would be a most pleasant experience.

Sometime, when the coming of the children is not an immediate problem, talk with him about why it is difficult for you to do much baby sitting now. You may even want the physician to talk with him. I am sure that if this is done, he will not be so thoughtless in the future.

I am wondering, too, if perhaps one reason for your feeling is that you never have accepted your husband's children by a previous marriage as your own. This is sometimes difficult to do, I realize, but if this should be the situation, it may be at least one factor contributing to your feeling. You cannot change your feelings simply by saying that you are going to do so, of course, but perhaps in realizing why you feel as you do, you may be able at least to give your grandchildren a chance to get a hold on your heartstrings so you will enjoy having them with you more.

There is no particular reason why a two-year-old and a four-year-old should not stay away from their parents overnight if they are with relatives and the children themselves not only are not frightened but enjoy the experience. In fact, it sometimes is desirable for children to visit relatives overnight so they will not become so completely dependent upon their parents.

I am wondering, therefore, if you would feel up to a sort of compromise position—that is, agreeing that you will be happy to have the children come if they do so only occasionally and you are given an opportunity to prepare for them. Such a compromise might please your husband and yet not be too much of a burden on you.

*Donald M. Maynard*



## ● Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

With so much confusion in the world, how can a parent see to it that his child sets a worth-while goal and goes toward it?

The group may wish to try to see how today's world appears to children and young people. They may consider tensions brought about by the present world situation; interruption of careers by military training; corruption in high places; inconsistencies between what adults teach and what they do, and so forth.

The real challenge comes to the parents as they realize that they have to think through their own convictions before they can help their children to form the convictions on which to build. The group may feel stimulated to set up another meeting or series of meetings in which, with the help of a minister or a leader in religious education, they might discuss what they themselves believe and what is the faith which they wish to transmit to their children.

## ● Try Family Celebrations

(Continued from page 28)

who learns the most. (Verses should pertain to these subjects.)

The 4th of July is a challenge to you to brush up on the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Gettysburg address before the children discover that you can't repeat a single word of them. Red lemonade with a good picnic lunch on some creek bank is ideal for the family this day, unless there is a town celebration where they may join in picnic with their neighbors.

A discussion of pioneer homes with drawings and songs could be planned for celebrating the day that you purchased your new home. For celebrating the day that the children joined the church you could have family prayer.

Thanksgiving and Christmas are usually great family celebrations. If relatives are far away, invite some poor family to share the feasts of these two days. Invite the children to contribute the story, the music, or the drawing on the easel.

In all these celebrations and many more that you'll plan, young talents and minds will be growing. The greatest gift will be the talent of human compassion, love, understanding, and happiness that the home affords.

## ● With Thankful Hearts

(Continued from page 7)

that the children should be in church school. So they took them to the church kindergarten.

One Sunday noon as they sat down to the dinner table, little Mary said,

"Why don't we have a prayer?" Her parents did not know what to say; so they pretended not to hear. But Mary was persistent. "Why don't we have a prayer?" she asked again. "We always have a prayer before we eat at church."

"Do you want to say a prayer?" Mrs. Smith finally asked. Mary wanted to, but in the excitement she could not remember what to say.

"You say it, Daddy," she said. But Daddy didn't know what to say, either. At last he answered, "Let's eat our dinner. I'll see if I can find a prayer to say next Sunday." That week the minister had a call from an embarrassed parent who did not know what to say in prayer at the table.

Many families are like the Browns. Many families are like the Smiths. Whenever it is practiced in homes, however, the mealtime prayer can become a very important time of fellowship together with God.

Some families only bow their heads for prayer. Others like to clasp hands about the table. Some have the prayer before they sit down; others sit down about the table before the prayer. In some families only one member of the family prays at any one meal. In other families each member of the family prays. Some families like to sing a verse of a hymn before the prayer, and others take turns sharing a Bible verse they like. Some families like occasionally to have silent prayer when each member of the family prays his own prayer silently.

It doesn't really matter which prayer pattern a family follows. The significant thing is that it be a pattern that has meaning for that family; a pattern in which they find satisfaction; a pattern through which they can truly express their thankful feelings. It is important that it never become a meaningless ritual.

As the family members grow older, the form of the prayers should mature with them. A child may find meaning in a prayer-poem which he learns, such as,

Dear God, we thank you for our food,  
Help me to be kind and good.

If as an adult he still prays only this prayer for food, it has been merely a form and thus of little value.

Occasionally, an adult or older child may find a written prayer that says "just what he feels like saying," and so it has value for him. Adults who decide to begin having grace at the table often find security in a written prayer that voices their feelings. Whatever we use as our prayer, we should feel and mean what we are saying. Adults should remember that when they pray at meals, they are voicing not only their own thankfulness, but also the thanksgiving of each member of the family. If we remember that, we will be sure that at least a portion of the

prayer we pray is within the understanding of all.

*Some Time Every Day*, by Mabel Niedermeyer, has three prayers for food that may say just what a primary or junior child may feel like saying. Older youth and adults will find many fine prayers for food in *Father, We Thank Thee*, by William A. Clough. *Guideposts to Creative Family Worship*, by Edward W. and Anna Laura Gebhard, has several good family prayers for food, and many suggestions to guide parents in rich experiences of real worship during their grace at the table.

Whatever guidance we may use, whatever prayer forms we may use at times, we must remember always to keep as our goal the informal voicing of our thankfulness in our own words. This we must do if grace at the table is to be a vital, rich experience of worship.



Genesis is the Bible book of the month for November. Interest in this book never ceases: the epic stories of creation, the problem of sin in the world, the beginning of the Hebrew people, the fascinating accounts of the patriarchs, their testimony to the power and majesty of God. (1) Note the many "beginnings" referred to in Genesis. (2) Look for customs of the life of that day. (3) What was the significance of each of the following: Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph?

## Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

**SOLUTION:** "And when Jesus entered Peter's house, he saw his mother-in-law lying sick with a fever, he touched her hand, and the fever left her, and she rose and served him." (Matthew 6: 14-15)

## The Words

A Heehaw	L Window
B Cheese	M Irish
C Cheek	N Lands
D Jeep	O Fasted
E Wheel	P Smith
F Heathen	Q Rough
G Fiend	R Dents
H Shield	S Rusts
I Author	T Raven
J Three	U Raved
K Hennery	V Favor
	W Mends





for the hearthside

### For Children

A book published for the 250th anniversary of Ben Franklin's birth is **Benjamin Franklin—Printer and Patriot**, by Ruth Cromer Weir (Abingdon, Nashville. 128 pages. Price, \$1.50). This is another in the series of biographies of great Americans for young readers entitled *Makers of America*. Naturally, this child's-eye view of one of the most complicated personalities among our founding fathers cannot completely cover the full life of the subject. It does portray many of his finest contributions to the beginnings of our nation's life. The book is illustrated attractively by Rus Anderson.

Another title in the series, *Makers of America*, is **Champlain—Father of New France**, by Cecile Pepin Edwards. This is the story of the French explorer whose name comes to us in Lake Champlain, bordering New York and Vermont. Illustrated by Frederick Chapman, it is an exciting account of the adventures, hardships, and dangers experienced by Champlain and other early explorers of our land.

Parents and teachers are always looking for stories to tell and read. Julius Fischbach offers to meet this need with his **Children's Sermons in Stories** (Abingdon Press, Nashville, 127 pages. Price, \$2). These 31 stories are based on experiences of real persons, such as Jesus, Paul, and Johnny Appleseed, and William Carey; on familiar sayings; and on birds of the air. Each story is related to a

passage of the Bible which is repeated in the telling. Ministers will also find this book helpful.

### For Youth

**Welcome, Santza**, by Constance Savery (Longmans, Green and Co., 166 pages. Price, \$2.75)

Here is excellent reading for "tween-agers" and young teens—from 10 to 14 years of age. *Welcome, Santza* is the story of a little Greek orphan girl, who lives with a number of other orphans in an abandoned monastery in the mountains of Greece. Santza is appointed to be a "big sister" to little Nicky and Vicky, who are brother and sister, and it is her duty to watch them carefully.

One day three foreign women come to the monastery bringing food, clothing, and the news that some of the children are sought by relatives. Nicky, Vicky, and their older brother Sando are wanted by a childless aunt and uncle living in England. As a dutiful "big sister" Santza goes to England with her charges. She is a little worried at first, because she thinks that Uncle Ted and Aunt Sheila won't want a little girl who isn't a relative; but she is wrong about that. Then Nicky, Vicky, and Sando's parents turn up, having spent several years in a prison camp; and Santza finds that she is happier than she ever dreamed she could be.

A story of the Canadian wilds is told in **Sukanabi**, by D. R. King (Longmans,

Green and Co., Toronto. 237 pages. No price given). Young Ted McDowell comes to Canada for his health, which he regains at the Hudson's Bay post operated by his father. How Ted is taught the ways of the wilds, how he survives for several years alone in the rugged wilderness, and how he finally is reunited with his father is a story that young people will eagerly follow. Sukanabi is the Indian name given to Ted, whose father has treated the Indians fairly in his trading with them.

### For Adults

Parents needing help on sex education of their children will find excellent guidance in **Sex Attitudes in the Home**, by Ralph G. Eckert (Association Press, 242 pages. Price, \$3.50). Out of a rich background in family life education and counseling, the author brings to perplexed parents many suggestions in every aspect of this important field. It not only helps them with problems in their children's sex development. This book has much additional, direct and indirect, guidance for many problems of the parents themselves. The problems are taken up chronologically, beginning with those of infancy and continuing through the most common issues that face parents of the "empty nest." The author writes with a fine appreciation of the highest personal code of conduct. Every church library should have this book and make it available to parents. The latter will find the book a valuable one to have for constant reference.



# Over the back fence

## ● Guard Your Home Life!

A recent news story told of a minister resigning from the ministry because his job would not permit a "normal family life." He declared that the "pressure on a minister and his family is so great that when his children are small they are not able to live the lives of normal live-wire children."

Certainly, this is a very real problem in the home of the minister. Many people, church members, think that ministers' children should be "little angels" when they are in reality just as human as are their own. No greater contribution can be made to the minister and his family than for a congregation to see to it that he is given opportunity to have some family life of his own. There should be a sympathetic appreciation for the fact that his children need a very special understanding and forbearance by church members because of the pressures they feel. Ministers' families must be given a chance to "live their own lives" to a greater degree than is frequently the case.

By the same token the church should also allow its families to live normal home lives. Indeed, it must help them to do so. As important as the church is, it must not expect its leading workers to spend all or even most of their evenings performing various church responsibilities. Sometimes ministers are among those who feel that the church is in the world to be ministered unto by the home, and they expect church members to participate in every activity of the church.

In a day when home life is threatened by more distractions

than ever before, both church and home must be diligent to protect it for the minister and the layman.

## ● Brainwashing in America

Edward Hunter, in his book entitled *Brainwashing*, has given a definition of that term which has come into prominence in recent years. He defines it as a "system of befogging the brain so a person can be seduced into acceptance of what otherwise would be abhorrent to him."

He describes how brainwashing is practiced in Communist-dominated countries, particularly Red China.

Is it too much to say that there is a tremendous amount of brainwashing going on in the United States all the time?

Alcoholic beverages are just about the best, or worst, brain-befoggers ever manufactured. The times when they have been utilized to "seduce a person into acceptance to what otherwise would be abhorrent to him" will never be completely known.

By the same definition liquor advertising, as well as some other forms of that "art," is a system of brainwashing. Here is a youngster who has been reared by his parents to "abhor" the use of alcoholic beverages. Every wile of art and language is used to "seduce" him into thinking "befoggedly" that the use of these products is a mark of distinction or that they belong.

One action we can all take is to encourage our senators and congressmen to take a closer look at the "art of befogging" as it is practiced in these days over the air waves and on the printed page.

## ● Welcome to the "Chief"!

On September 4 Marvin E. Smith became editor-in-chief of the Department of Church School Literature of the Christian Board of Publication, which is one of the publishers of *Hearthstone*. We wish for him a long and happy period of useful service in that capacity. He comes from the pastorate and brings with him a wife and two daughters.

Welcome to them all!



# Poetry Page

## More Than Mountains

Hope and faith move more than mountains,  
Hope and faith touch more than skies,  
And their worth is truly tripled  
To the one whose body lies  
Waiting for his love to center  
In a healing touch that brings  
Love unbounded from the Maker  
And the sound of angel wings.

—Mary Gustafson

## Wilbur



“I resign!”

## Harmony

We feel the sun will surely rise  
Upon the east at morning;  
And coming spring will find the rose,  
Our trellis-arch adorning.

For God's world works in harmony,  
And for that very reason  
From day to day and year to year  
All things come in their season.

So what if cares should visit us,  
Both hope and joy defeating?  
They wane, and harmony returns,  
A new-born joy completing.

—Ellen E. Morrison

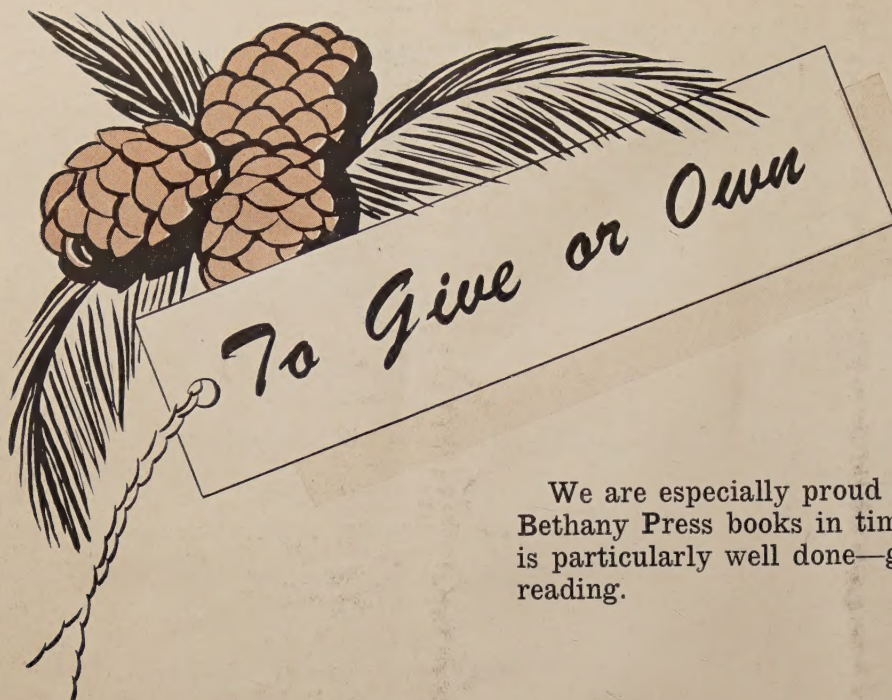
## Partnership

Whoever plants a garden  
With energetic toil,  
Feels more than sweat and labor,  
Sees more than idle soil.

For as his mind leaps forward  
To summer food or flower,  
He knows himself a part of  
God's great creative power.

—Cleo King





We are especially proud to offer these eight new Bethany Press books in time for Christmas. Each is particularly well done—good for giving and for reading.

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